

A fortnightly
EDISON BELL

4 MOST

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10¢
WINTER



VOL. 4
No. 1



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

4-Thoughts & Afterthoughts

The Editors Write:

Hi, Gang—

The cold winds soon will blow and there'll be icicles in the wintry air. So, there's something of vital importance that you all can do. You know about the fuel problem for there's a shortage in oil, coal and coke and it's up to you to see that not an ounce is wasted. If you have an oil burner in your home help your pop by keeping a wary eye on the thermostat. The home front supply has been cut pretty low. Be sure you don't waste oil, and you'll be plenty warm all winter long.

If your family uses coal you can be a lot of help if you learn to fire and bank a furnace properly, for you'll save a great deal of coal by doing it right. If there are open fireplaces in your home, why get a move on and chop plenty of wood! A roaring fire will do a lot to keep the chilliness outside where it belongs! And last but not least, don't waste water or gas—they're essentials, too, and must be conserved whenever possible. Pitch right in, gang, on all the above suggestions and you'll be doing a smacker home-front job!

There'll be two very important holidays before we pop in on you again and we sure hope you enjoy them both thoroughly. Eat your fill of roast stuffed turkey and plum pudding, and when jingle-bell times arrive have a Merry, Merry Christmas!!

Cordially yours,
THE EDITORS

The Readers Write:

Dear Editors:

I honestly think that 4-MOST is the best comic I've read. Edison Bell is my favorite. His strip gives us readers new ideas. I enjoyed making this little theatre. Dick Cole is very good also. His strip is long and filled with excitement.

4-MOST is very educational, too. As soon as I get back to school I'm going to tell the gang about it. As for the questions, in my opinion they are neither too hard nor too easy. I didn't know most of them, but that's why I like them. It tells me about things I never knew before.

An ardent reader,
Leonard Menice
Somerville, Mass.

We've received very enthusiastic response from our Q's and A's Leonard, and we're certainly tickled. You'll enjoy yourselves while you're learning.

Dear Editors:

I always did like comics but my dad wouldn't ever let me buy them. One day I saw a new one called 4-MOST COMICS. That night dad saw it and really liked it a lot. He says Dick Cole is the best, but Edison Bell is my favorite.

Yours truly,
Jack Kowalski
Mishawaka, Ind.

Does your dad get hold of your 4-MOST COMICS before you do, Jack? How about it?

Dear Editors:

I am a sailor now in a hospital and have rested here for the past 8 months. I hope somewhere in your magazine or somehow, you'll be able to publish my request for people (girls and boys—ages 17 to 21) to write to a lonely sailor.

I'm 21, height 5' 7", blue eyes, blond wavy hair—fair complexion.

Mail, as you know, is a terrific morale builder, so here's hoping I won't be lonely at mail call from now on. Thanks.

Sincerely,
H. B. Graham, S. C. 2/c
Naval Hospital, Ward B
Portsmouth, N. H.

Come on, gang, how about it? Start writing those letters so our sailor will be a happy one at mail call.

Dear Editors:

For the first time I read 4-MOST COMICS and I think it is grand. The strips I like most are Candid Charlie and the Cadet. And the questions and answers in the Fall issue of 4-MOST are not so very hard even if I did get stuck on a few.

From now on you can count on a new reader.

Yours truly,
Albert Porcari
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Welcome to the fold, Al. Hope you go right on enjoying 4-MOST COMICS.

Dear Editors:

I like 4-MOST COMICS very much. Dick Cole is my favorite and Dan'l Flannel is next. I have just read the new Fall issue and enjoyed it very much. I think some of your questions are rather hard but then some are quite easy, too.

I am looking forward to your next edition of 4-MOST COMICS.

Sincerely yours,
Dixie Grebe
Los Angeles, Calif.

Hope you enjoy this issue of 4-MOST as much as the last one, Dixie. We've an idea you will.

Dear Editors:

I just finished the 1944 Fall edition of 4-MOST COMICS. I thought it was super. Your artists are superior and your stories are wonderful.

I work in a drugstore which sells your magazine. As soon as they come in there is a scramble for them, but I make sure I always get my copy of 4-MOST COMICS.

A loyal reader,
Robert Skrabski
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Thanks for the swell news, Robert. We're sure glad to hear that 4-MOST goes like hot cakes!

Dear Editors:

Your 4-MOST COMICS is enjoyable. The questions and answers are especially interesting. This makes it educational as well as entertaining.

Your friend,
Daphne Doll Middlebrook
Kosciusko, Miss.

That was our hope in the first place, Daphne.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO 4-MOST COMICS, 111 WEST 19th St., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.
\$1.00 in War Stamps will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE



TIM WILCOX—

TED TODLEY, NEW CADET AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, AND SON OF THE MILLIONAIRE,

GUEST AT THE FASHIONABLE WINTER RESORT, VALLEY OF STARS.....
 T.E. TODLEY, HAS INVITED DICK COLE TO BE HIS
 WE FIND THE TWO BOYS FLYING TO THEIR DESTINATION, DEEP IN THE MOUNTAINS.

SAY, TED, VALLEY OF STARS IS AN AWFUL -ER- SOCIAL PLACE, ISN'T IT?

YES, DICK, IT IS. AND TAMARAC LODGE WILL BE FULL OF SNOOTY BORES AND HORTENSE VAN OLM.



WHO IS HORTENSE VAN OLM, TED?

HORTENSE - THAN WHOM THERE IS NO WHICHER- RULES THE SOCIAL ROOST AND OWNS SOUTH SEA FIRE, THE MOST BEE-DOO-T-FUL STRING OF OF PEARLS IN CAPTIVITY.

I SAY, DENNY, YOU'RE POSITIVE THE VAN OLMS ARE ALREADY AT TAMARAC LODGE, WOT?

POSITIVE, ARCHIE OLD BOY. AND THE NIECE, SANDRA, IS ALONG.

AND FARTHER BACK IN THE PLANE-

Art Director
MEL CUMMINS

Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER

Associate Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

Editorial Assistant
FEBBY ANN CROWLEY

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TWO HOURS LATER-
TAMARAC LODGE.

DELIGHTED TO HAVE
YOU WITH US AGAIN,
MR. TODLEY. I'M SORRY
YOUR FATHER ISN'T
WITH YOU... AND THIS
IS MR. COLE? WELCOME
TO VALLEY OF STARS AND
TAMARAC LODGE, MR. COLE.

THANK
YOU.

FRONT! SHOW THE GENTLEMEN TO
ROOM 207.

YES, SIR.

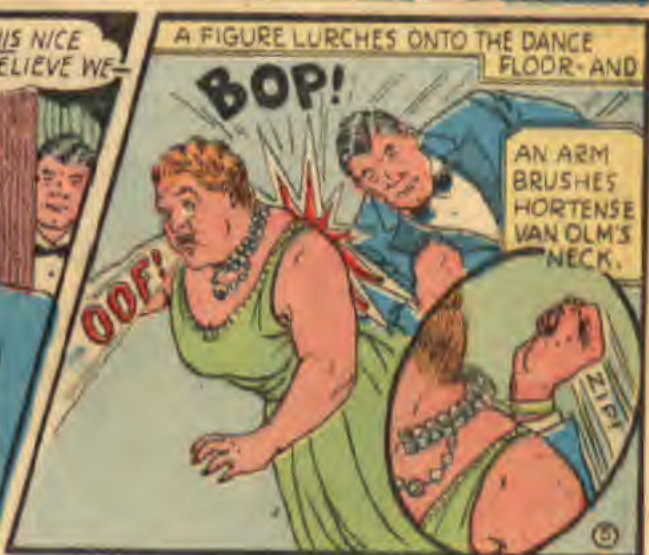
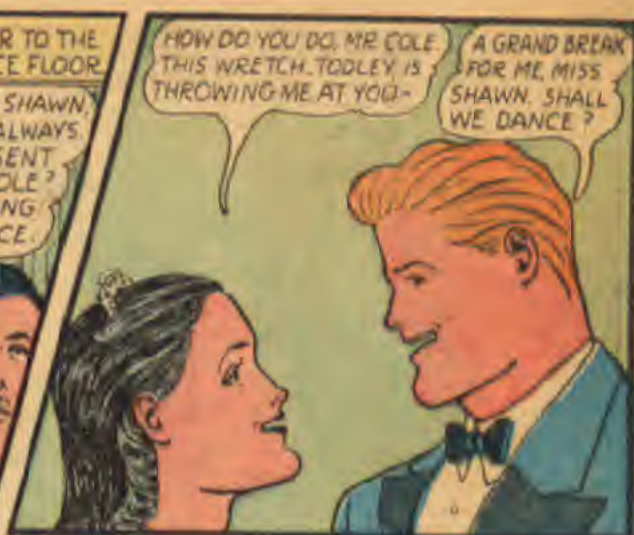
207. THE SAME ROOM I
HAD LAST YEAR, DICK.
YOU'LL FIND IT QUITE
COMFORTABLE.

THIS BED MOST
CERTAINLY IS!...
WHAT'S THE
PROGRAM, TED?

IT'S ABOUT FIVE O'CLOCK. WE'LL UNPACK AND
GET SETTLED, THEN SHOWER AND DRESS
FOR THE FIRST NIGHT DINNER. THAT IS
AN INSTITUTION HERE WHEREIN YOU SEE
THE DOWAGERS AND
THE DOWAGERS SEE
YOU - MAYBE. DON'T
LET 'EM GET YOU
DOWN, DICK!







SHRIEK! MY PEARLS!
THEY'RE
GONE!
HELP!

DICK SPRINGS FORWARD... AS LORD LUDD CHARGES IN FROM NOWHERE.



CRUNK!

CRAC!

HELP! GET THE MARINES! MY
PEARLS! THIS IS INTOLERABLE!
CALL THE MAYOR! THE
POLICE! HELP!

THERE,
THERE....
SH-H, M'PET.



HERE ARE
THE PEARLS.
MADAME, I
WAS SITTING
ON THEM.

OH! OH, THANK
YOU SO, SO MUCH!
NOW, WHERE IS
THE MISCREANT
WHO ATTACKED
ME!

WHO...
ARE YOU!

THE MISCREANT'S FRIEND,
LORD ARCHIBALD LUDD.
MAY I EXPLAIN?
ER-PARDON, WHILE
I SEE TO MY FRIEND.

MY COMPANION
DENNIS, HAS
SPELLS OF -ER-
VERTIGO. I-UH-
SAW HIM
STRICKEN,
STAGGER-
AND BARGE
INTO YOU.
AWFUL
SORRY
Y'KNOW.





I SAY, DENNY, TODDLE UP TO THE ROOM AND LIE DOWN. I'LL LOOK AFTER EVERYTHING.



RATHER A RUM GO, EH, MRS....?

MRS. VAN OLM... AND YOU... ARE... LORD LUDD! POOR MR. DENNY. THE HOUSE PHYSICIAN SHALL ATTEND HIM IMMEDIATELY!



AND NOW, LORD LUDD, DO JOIN US AT OUR TABLE. WE MUST BECOME ACQUAINTED. I'LL BE DELIGHTED.



LATE THAT NIGHT IN ROOM 200. WE MUFFED OUR TRY TONIGHT, DENNY, BUT NOW—MRS. VAN OLM AND I ARE VERY MATEY... CATCH?

YEAH, LIKE MY JAW CAUGHT YOUR FOOT. OKAY, I'LL LINE UP A STOOGIE FOR THE BIG TRY!



IN THE VAN OLM SUITE.

AFTER WHAT HAPPENED TONIGHT WE'D BEST PUT YOUR PEARLS IN THE HOTEL SAFE!

NONSENSE! LORD LUDD INSISTS I WEAR SOUTH SEA FIRE NIGHTLY. HE INSISTS THE PEARLS ENHANCE MY-ER-SUBTLE CHARMS.



DICK, SANDRA IS TOBOGGANING WITH THAT DENNY TOMORROW TO PROVE ALL IS FORGIVEN BY AUNT HORTIE. DERN IT!

YEAH? THAT'S TOO BAD... BUT LET US GO ANYHOW, TED.

AND IN 207.

SAY, TED, DID THAT INCIDENT ON THE DANCE FLOOR STRIKE YOU AS A WELL, BIT PECULIAR?

WHY, NO... DENNY BARGES INTO AUNT HORTIE, GIVES HER HYSTERICS AND THEN PASSES OUT. AN ACCIDENT. GO TO SLEEP GOO' NIGHT.

NEXT MORNING - THE TOBOGGGAN SLIDE.

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING!
STRANGE WE'RE ALL ALONE.

THIS MORN IS BUT THE
REFLECTION OF YOU, MISS
SHAWN!

LOOK UP THERE,
DICK. SANDRA AND
THAT DENNIS, JUST
STARTING DOWN.

ALL SET, MISS SHAWN?
HOLD ON! HERE GOES!

ALL
SET.

WHE-E-E-E!

NEAR THE BOTTOM,
DENNIS SUDDENLY
BREAKS, AND -

TUC!

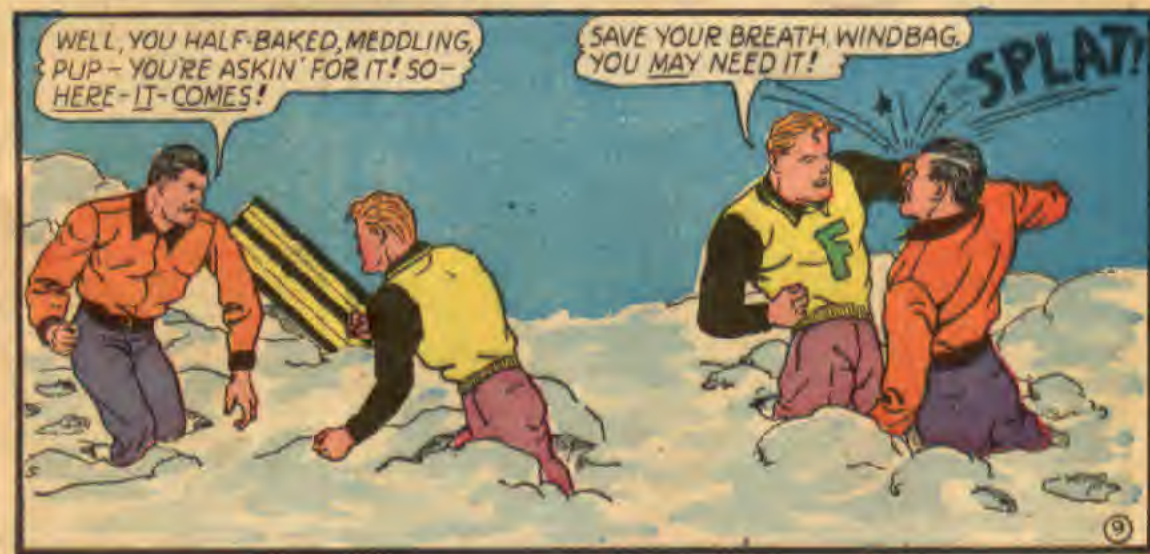
WHA-
WHAT-
HAPPENED?

I DON'T KNOW.
SOME-HOW WE
SWERVED AND
HERE WE ARE.

THAT WAS
A BIG THRILL!

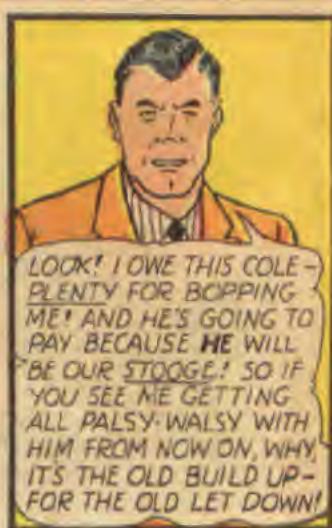
YES, BUT NOT
AS BIG A
THRILL AS -

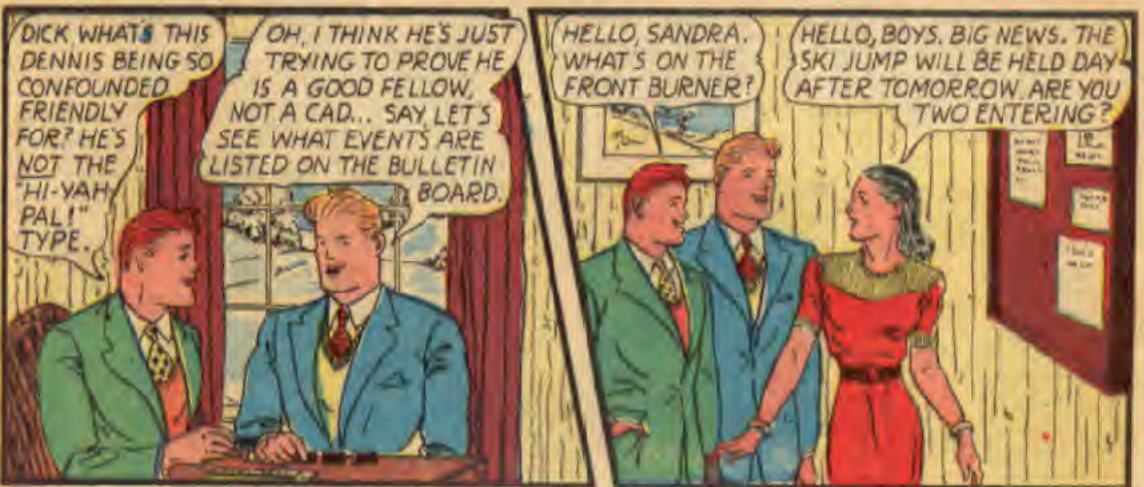
THIS!





LORD LUDD HAD TO EXERT ALL HIS CHARM AND TALK VERY FAST INDEED TO AN OUTRAGED MRS. VAN OLM IN ORDER TO PREVENT HIS FRIEND BEING EJECTED FROM VALLEY OF STARS. FLATTERY AND DENNY'S ABJECT ATTITUDE, AT LAST PREVAILED. DENNIS STAYED ON PROBATION.







BUT- THAT NIGHT AN UNPREDICTED SNOW STORM DESCENDED ON VALLEY OF STARS AND THE GUESTS AWAKE IN THE MORNING TO FIND THE SNOW A FOOT DEEP AND STILL FALLING, WITH NO SIGNS OF A LET-UP. NIGHT-AND, WITH ALL ROADS DRIFTED UNDER, VALLEY OF STARS IS MAROONED IN A SEA OF WHITE.



LORD LUDDS PLAN
WORKED SMOOTHLY.

A TOAST!
TO MRS.
VAN OLM-



AFTER DINING, THE
DINNER PARTY PRO-
CEEDED TO THE
MOVIE SHOW, HELD
IN THE BALLROOM
OF TAMARAC LODGE.



HALFWAY THROUGH THE FIRST REEL
THE DIM ROOM GROWS DARK AS A
NIGHT SCENE APPEARS ON THE SCREEN-



LIGHTS! TURN
ON THE LIGHTS!

SHRIEK!

HA!
YOU THIEF!

I'M
ROBBED!

SOC!

GANGWAY!



SEARCH HIM,
OFFICER!

MY PEARLS!
THEY'RE GONE



AHA! YOUR PEARLS, MADAME.

MY WORD!

OH! THAT
AWFUL
YOUNG
MAN!



THE PEARLS ARE
RESTORED TO MRS.
VAN OLM... DICK
IS IMPRISONED
IN A STOCK ROOM,
TO BE TAKEN TO
JAIL AS SOON AS
THE ROADS ARE
OPEN... DAZED
AND DESPONDENT,
DICK TRIES TO
FIGURE IT ALL OUT.
SUDDENLY THE
VENTILATING
DOOR OPENS-THE
FACE OF DENNIS
PEERS IN- AND-

HI, DOPE! SOCK ME, WILL
YOU? WELL, I SQUARED
IT WITH YOU. I PLANTED
AN EXACT SOUTH SEA
FIRE REPLICAS OF PHONY
PEARLS ON YOU. NOW,
MRS. VAN OLM HAS THE
PHONY AND THINKS SHE
HAS THE REAL MCCOY!

THAT'S A
LAUGH.
BECAUSE-



LOOK! HERE IS THE REAL SOUTH SEA FIRE! AND IN A FEW MINUTES LORD LUDD AND I ARE BEATING IT - ON SKIS - TO THE JUNCTION, SO, S'LONG, AND MY REGARDS TO MRS. VAN-OLM AND HER PHONY PEARLS!



SCARCELY HAD DENNIS LEFT, WHEN—

DICK! I JUST OVERHEARD DENNIS! I KNEW YOU WERE INNOCENT! I STOLE THE STORE ROOM KEY SO YOU CAN ESCAPE AND PROVE IT. HURRY! COME ON!



20 MINUTES LATER

AND DICK HAS CHANGED TO HIS SKI SUIT—

I WISH I COULD SKI WELL ENOUGH TO GO WITH YOU DICK. GOOD LUCK!

I WISH YOU COULD, TED. BE SEEN' YOU—



DICK CLIMBS THE STEEP SLOPE BACK OF TAMARAC LODGE.



THERE THEY ARE! BOY! ARE THEY TRAVELLING!



DICK TAKES OFF AT RECKLESS SPEED IN PURSUIT OF THE DISTANT, FAST-MOVING SPECKS

HALFWAY TO THE JUNCTION, LORD LUDD CALLS A HALT!

(PUFF) I'M A BIT (PUFF) WINDED— (PUFF) WE—

LOOK! THERE! SOMEBODY'S ON OUR TRAIL!



(PUFF) DENNY, YOU'LL HAVE TO (PUFF) STOP HIM... I'LL GO ON WITH THE PEARLS AND (PUFF) WAIT FOR (PUFF) YOU AT THE JUNCTION.



OKAY. GET GOIN'—HE'S COMIN' FAST!

WELL I'LL BE! IT'S COLE! HE'S GOT A SURPRISE COMING WHEN HE PASSES HERE!



DENNY DISCARDS HIS SKIS AND CLIMBS TO A VANTAGE POINT.

DICK SPEEDS UNDER THE
WAITING THIEF-WHO-



AND THEN, WITH A RENDING
CRASH, THE MOUNTAIN-
SIDE TEARS LOOSE,
AN AVALANCHE
CARRYING THE
FIGHTERS
DOWN—
DOWN—
DOWN—



DICK GLANCES FROM A
TREE TOP ON TO A
LEDGE, AS DENNIS
HURTTLES PAST.

WE RETURN TO DICK, WHO IS CLINGING DAZEDLY TO HIS LEDGE.

I WONDER IF EITHER LORD LUDD OR DENNIS CAN STILL BE ALIVE? I MUST FIND THEM SO AS TO RECOVER THE PEARLS.



SOME TIME LATER DICK STUMBLES DOWN THE SLOPE IN THE WAKE OF THE AVALANCHE... HIS FOOT ENCOUNTERS—

IT'S—A MAN! LORD LUDD? DENNIS?



A BROKEN SKI SERVES AS A SHOVEL AND FINALLY—

IT'S LORD LUDD! HE'S—STONE DEAD!



GINGERLY DICK SEARCHES THE STILL FORM—AND—

SOUTH SEA FIRE! HE PAID DEARLY!



THE SUN IS HIGH AS DICK STAGGERS, EXHAUSTED, INTO TAMARAC LODGE.

HA! HE'S COME BACK! HANDS UP! IF YOU—

DON'T BE STUPID! HERE—GIVE THIS TO MRS. VAN OLM. I TOOK IT FROM LORD LUDD. HE'S DEAD.



MRS. VAN OLM IS SUMMONED.

BUT I HAVE MY SOUTH SEA FIRE! HUBERT, GET IT FROM THE SAFE! WHY—WHAT IS THIS YOU HAVE?

THE NECKLACE YOU HAVE, MRS. VAN OLM, IS A COUNTERFEIT. THIS IS THE REAL ONE.



THE NECKLACE FROM THE SAFE IS PRODUCED.

WHY—WHY THEY ARE IDENTICAL! OH—OH! NOW I'VE MIXED THEM UP! OH, DEAR! WHICH IS THE REAL SOUTH SEA FIRE? WHAT IS THIS ALL ABOUT?



IT IS EXPLAINED HOW DICK WAS FRAMED BY THE PHONY PEARLS BEING PLACED ON HIM TO MAKE HIM APPEAR THE THIEF. THESE PEARLS WERE RECOVERED FOR MRS. VAN OLM—AND THE THIEVES FLED WITH THE REAL PEARLS—WHICH DICK RECOVERED. LATER A PARTY IS SENT TO BRING IN LORD LUDD'S BODY. DENNIS UNDOUBTEDLY LAY BURIED BY THE AVALANCHE.

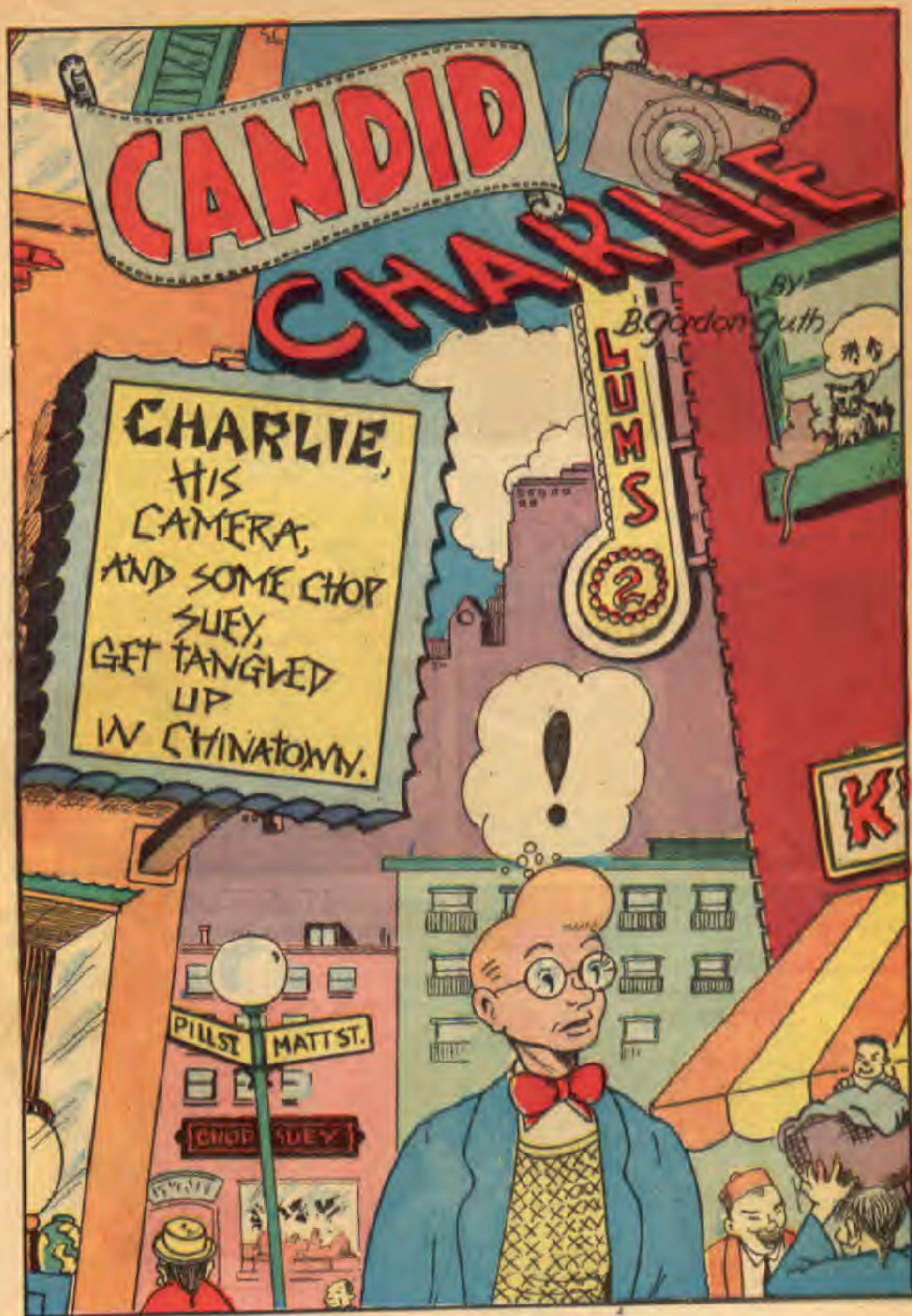
MR. COLE, I NEVER DOUBTED YOU AND I THINK YOU ARE WONDERFUL!... AND NOW YOU AND TED LEAVE TOMORROW.

THAT MAY BE SOONER THAN YOU THINK, MR. COLE!

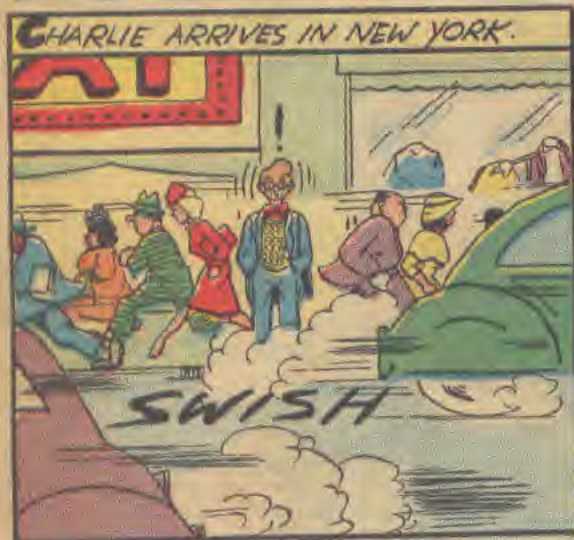
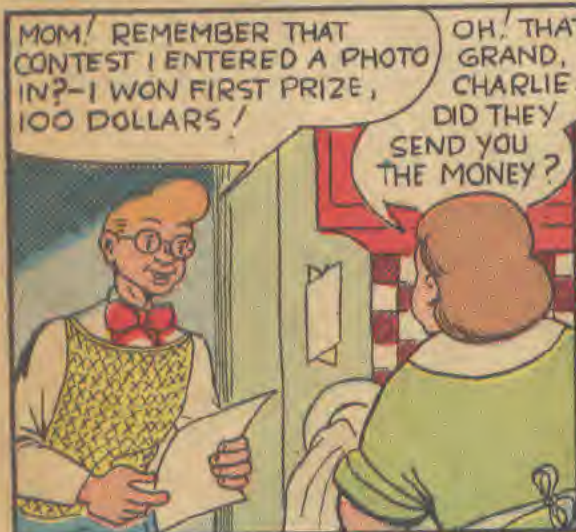
THANK YOU, MISS SHAWN. I DO HOPE WE'LL MEET AGAIN.

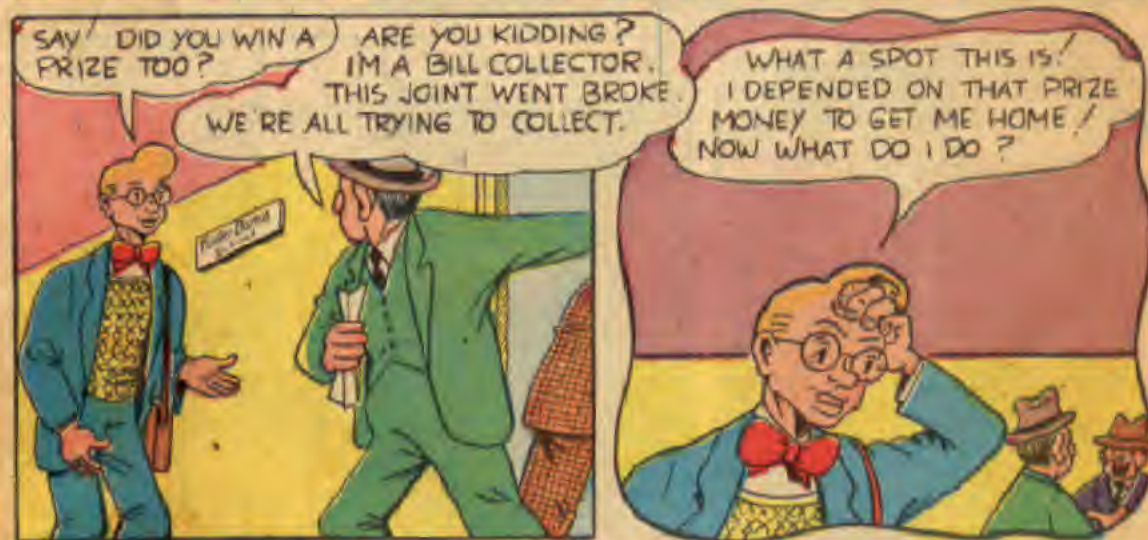


STAY RIGHT BEHIND OUR FIGHTING MEN
TIL VICTORY IS THEIRS AGAIN.



THE FIGHT IS ON. THERE'S MUCH TO DO
WE AT HOME MUST PITCH IN, TOO.







MOM SHOULD SEE ME NOW!



IT'S 5 O'CLOCK. MAY I HAVE MY PAY NOW?

YOU AIN'T FINISHED YET! YA STILL GOT ALL THEM DISHES



GEE! HOPE IM NOT TOO LATE.



HERE YOU ARE, MISTER NOW, CAN I HAVE MY CAMERA?



OH, MY! I THOUGHT IF YOU WERENT BACK BY 5, YOU DIDNT WANT IT --- I SOLD IT!



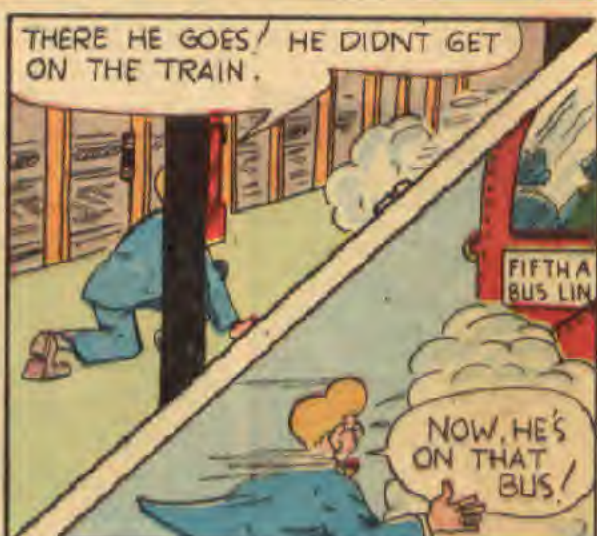
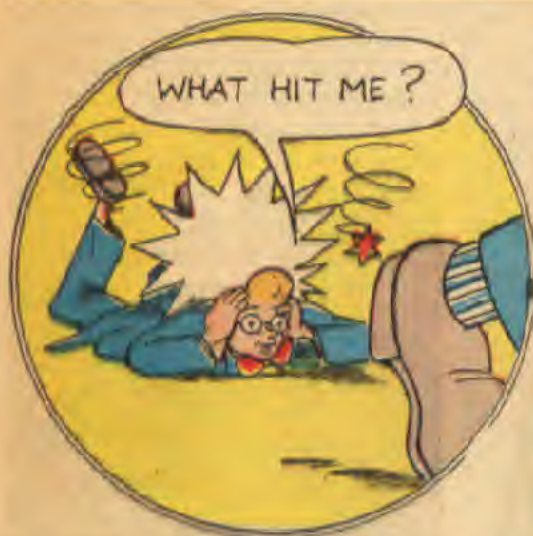
THAT'S HIM-- THE CHINESE BOY. HE BOUGHT IT.



HEY! STOP!!

THE HAUN?





IF YOU WILL TEACH ME
HOW TO OPERATE THIS
CAMERA BEFORE NIGHTFALL,
I WILL SELL IT BACK
TO YOU.

O.K.,
WHEN DO
WE START?

FIFTH
BUS!

CHARLIE IS TAKEN TO THE HOME OF
LING TI YA IN CHINATOWN.

HERE IS
THE FAMILY
MEETING ROOM.

GOSH!

SIT DOWN.

ARE YOU KIDDING?
WHERE ARE THE
CHAIRS?

OH! I
FORGOT TO
MENTION--IN THIS
ROOM, IT IS FORBIDDEN
TO SIT ON CHAIRS.

I MUST KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT
THE CAMERA. OUR FAMILY
CELEBRATION STARTS
TONIGHT. I WILL TRY TO
TAKE PICTURES.

WELL--THIS IS
THE SHUTTER
NOW, WHEN...

NOW, GET OVER IN THE CORNER,
LING --- I'LL **SHOOT** YOU!

BUT, I WANT YOU TO **SHOOT** MY
FAMILY --- I JUST CAN'T DO IT!



YES, THE LITTLE BOY WANTED TO TAKE PICTURES OF THE FAMILY IN ANCESTRAL ROBES BEFORE THE CELEBRATION.

BUT, --- THE SHOOTING?

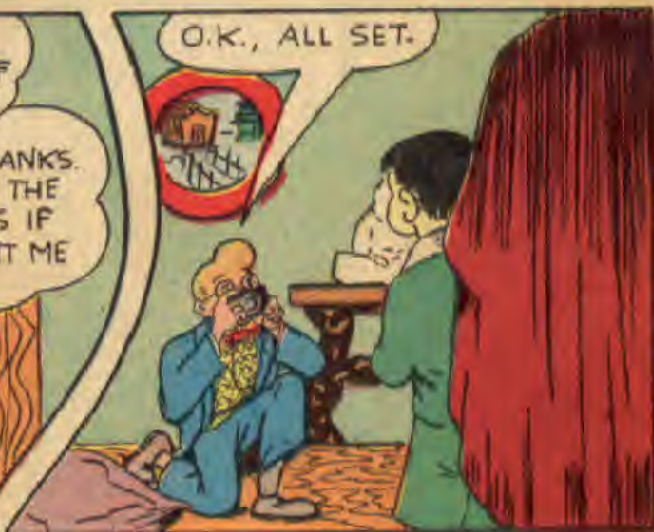
OH! THAT'S A TERM MEANING TO TAKE PICTURES.



PLEASE, ACCEPT MY HUMBLE APOLOGY, AND MAKE YOURSELF WELCOME IN THE HOUSE OF WUN TI YA.

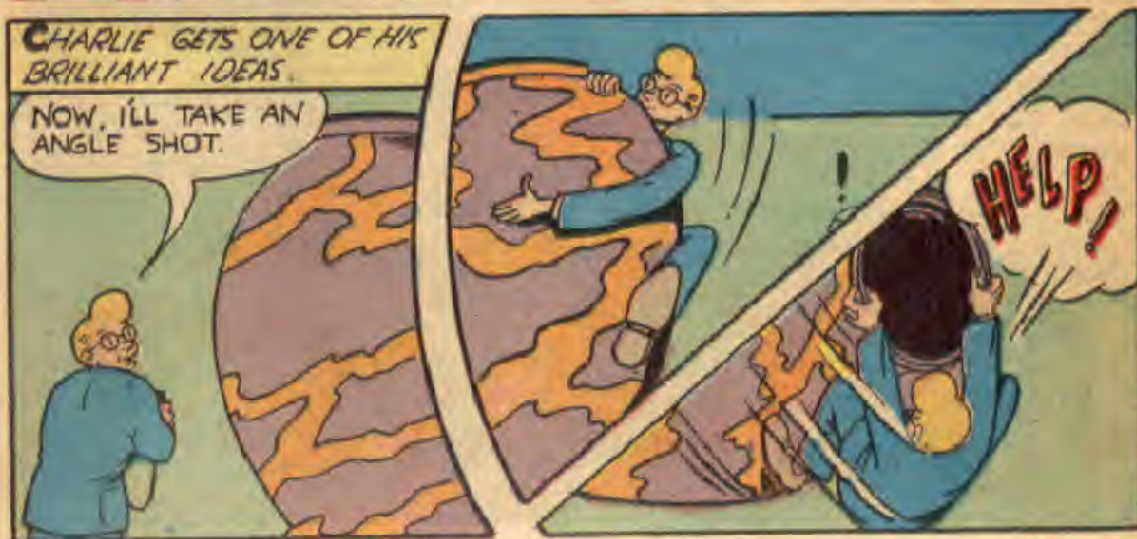
GOSH! THANKS. I'LL TAKE THE PICTURES IF YOU WANT ME TO.

O.K., ALL SET.



CHARLIE GETS ONE OF HIS BRILLIANT IDEAS.

NOW, I'LL TAKE AN ANGLE SHOT.





YOUR JOB IS SCHOOL, SO GET RIGHT TO IT
AND DO YOUR BEST. YOU'LL NEVER RUE IT.

Edison BELL

EDDIE AND JERRY HAVE STARTED A "SEA LORE" CLUB! MIX THAT UP WITH A GLOUCESTER FISHING VESSEL AND ONE OF RED'S BRIGHT IDEAS, AND...



GOSH, WHAT GOOD IS OUR 'SEA LORE CLUB, IF WE CAN'T DO ANY SAILING?

GODD QUESTION, JERRY, BUT...



AN OLD TWO-MASTED GLOUCESTER FISHING SCHOONER HEADS FOR SHORE!



DON'T PLAY HOOKEY. IT ISN'T FAIR.
OUR BOYS DON'T DO IT OVER THERE.



***In Answer to Questions About the VICTORY KAYAK

THE SIMPLIFIED PLAN FOR THE "VICTORY KAYAK" IN THE LAST 4 MOST WAS TOO SIMPLIFIED IT WOULD SEEM HENCE THESE ANSWERS TO YOUR REQUESTS FOR MORE DETAILS! FOLLOE ME!

Q. WHAT IS THE WIDTH AND DEPTH OF KAYAK? ANS: MAY VARY A BIT. THE IMPORTANT THING IS THE "T" SHAPED BULKHEADS-26" WIDE, 11" DEEP.

Q. HOW ARE THE RIBS ATTACHED TO THE KEEL AND LONG RUNS? ANS: SCREWED INTO NOTCHES.

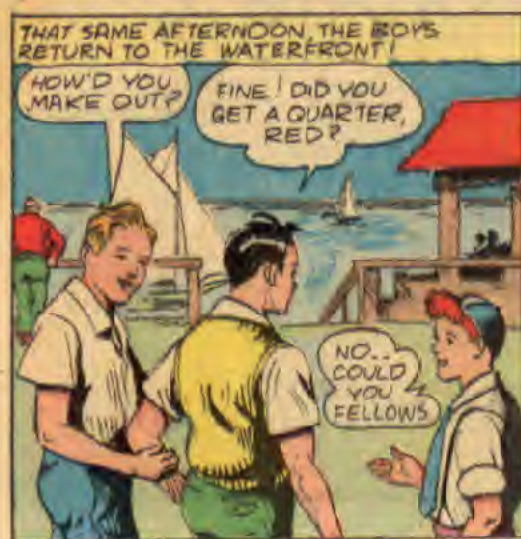
Q. HOW LONG ARE THE RIBS? ANS: NO DIMENSIONS NEEDED. LAY RIB IN NOTCHES AND SANDWICH.

Q. HOW FAR APART ARE RIBS SPACED? ANS: SIX INCHES.

Q. WHAT ARE THE DIMENSIONS OF THE NOSE CLOCKS? ANS: 2" BY 4" STOCK, 6' LONG.

Q. WHAT IS THE OVERALL LENGTH? YOU DIVIDE IT INTO THREE PARTS, 3' 1/2", 3' 3", AND 3' 9". ANS: SORRY, FELLAS MISTAKE! ELIMINATE THE 1/2" FROM AFT SECTION. THE LONG RUNS AND KEELS ARE ALL 10' LONG. THUS, THE LENGTH OF FINISHED KAYAK IS SLIGHTLY LESS DUE TO CURVATURE. Q. ARE RIBS CURVED? ANS: NO, STRAIGHT-MAKING "V" BOTTOM. Q. HOW ABOUT A SEAT? ANS: USE A FEW FOLDS OF CANVAS.

MAST-5' BOOM-7' GAFF-7' RUDDER=10' WIDE, 16" DEEP





★ KNOW YOUR KNOTS! ★



FIGURE-OF-EIGHT



FISHERMAN'S KNOT



CARRICK BEND



HALF HITCH



SAILOR'S OR SQUARE KNOT



FISHERMAN'S EYE KNOT



TIMBER HITCH



CLOVE HITCH



WEAVER'S KNOT



BOWLINE KNOT

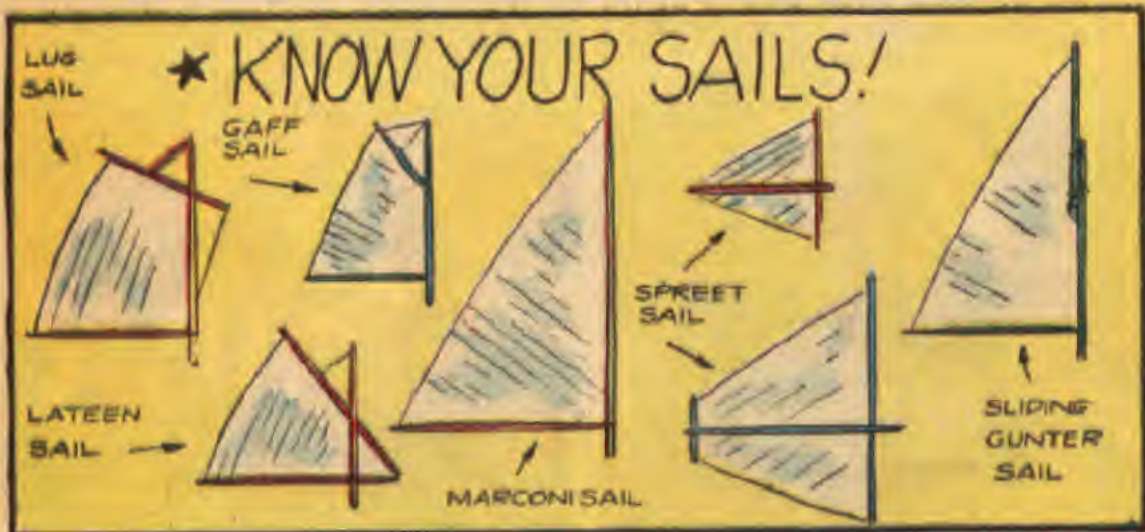


SHEEP'S HANK



ROLLING HITCH







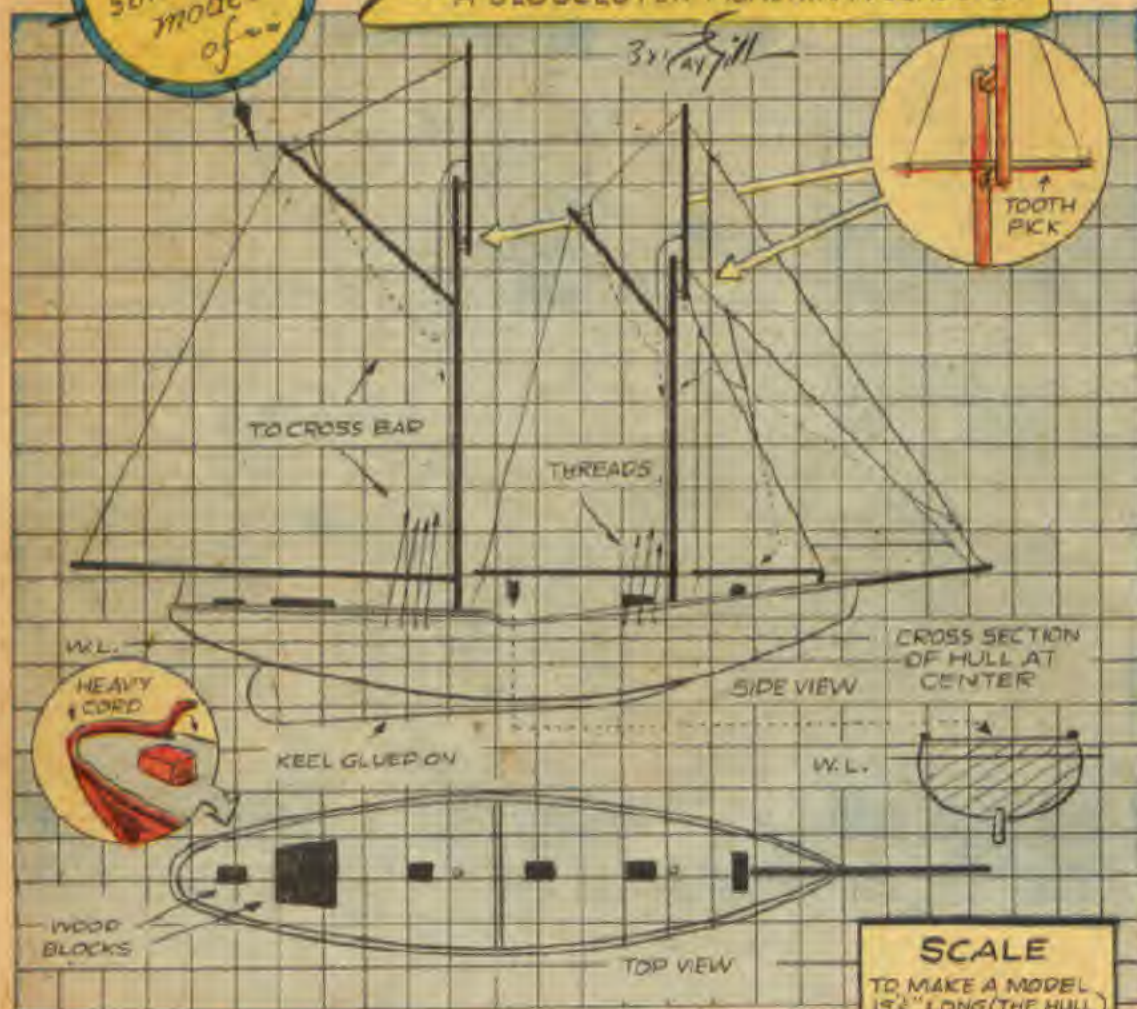




HURRICANE

Make
this
simplified
model
of

~ A GLOUCESTER FISHERMAN SCHOONER



SCALE

TO MAKE A MODEL 15" LONG (THE HULL), FIRST REPRODUCE THE ABOVE PLAN IN ONE INCH SQUARES. YOUR PLAN WILL THEN BE 26" WIDE, 23" DEEP. TO COPY THE PLAN, DO ONE BOX AT A TIME. YOU WILL BE AMAZED AT THE SIMPLICITY OF THIS METHOD.

DIRECTIONS: CARVE HULL OUT OF Balsa OR ANY SOFT WOOD. ALL "STICKS," MAST, BOOMS, ETC., ARE MADE FROM $\frac{3}{16}$ " DOWELS. CUT SAILS OUT OF STIFF PAPER OR STARCHED CLOTH. USE THE PATTERN DESCRIBED IN THE BOX AT THE RIGHT FOR ALL MEASUREMENTS. GLUE OR SEW SAILS TO MASTS AND BOOMS. GLUE (USE MODEL AIRPLANE CEMENT IF YOU CAN GET IT) ALL "STICKS" IN PLACE. THIS IS A STATIONARY MODEL. GLUE A LENGTH OF HEAVY CORD AROUND DECK'S EDGE TO SIMULATE A RAILING. MAKE A SIMPLE MOUNTING OUT OF CIGAR BOX WOOD.

TO WIN THE WAR JUST DO YOUR BEST
OUR FIGHTING MEN WILL DO THE REST



FOUL BALL

YOUNG Johnny Park slumped low in his seat in the nose of the bomber with the proud star and circle on the fuselage. He was down in the dumps. The rest of the crew of the "Happy Holligan" were correct. He had no right to try to fill the shoes of "Jackpot" Marmor as bombardier of the crack "Happy Holligan" bombing team.

If anybody else had been available when Jackpot was carried off to sick bay with jungle fever, he'd never have gained this chance to fly with the champ team of the South Pacific.

For Johnny was just an untamed kid. He'd never hit a target with a bomb in his life. Except those huge circles they painted back home in the States on the bombing range. That was a lot different than trying to hit a swerving Jap ship from 'way up in the sky.

He was praying that they'd sight a Jap vessel on this routine patrol, so he could push his finger down on that selective lever and lay a stick of bombs across a Nip ship. Then he winced at a painful memory.

JUST yesterday he'd had a chance to prove that he was a bombardier worthy of succeeding Jackpot Marmor, and, instead of pressing the selective lever and dropping a brace of bombs he'd pressed the salvo button and dumped the whole cargo of bombs into the sea, missing a Jap cargo vessel by all of a hundred yards. By the time Max Pollack had banked for a second run over the ship, all the bombs were gone and the Jap got away unscathed.

It was then that Pollack gave Johnny his nickname, "Foul Ball." The name stuck. Spud Hubbell, the navigator, shouted it into the radio now. "Hey, Foul Ball, wake up! We're getting close to the spot where you killed all those sardines yesterday. Today we want Japs, not fish."

Johnny Park forced himself to hold his

mounting temper under a curb. He answered the veteran with a confidence he didn't feel: "You find a Jap! I'll sink it."

Spud Hubbell broke in with his mike: "Like you sank that Jap yesterday, Foul Ball? That was one swell job. Dumped a whole salvo of bombs and all you killed was fish." He laughed into his mike. "If we don't get Jackpot out of the hospital, we won't sink another Jap."

Johnny ignored the crack. What did a dumb radio operator know about bombing? He thought all you had to do was push a button and some kind of magnet sent your bombs hunting their target. He didn't know you had to figure altitude, air speed, wind drift, temperature and angles. And do it all in the few seconds between spotting an enemy ship and making a bombing run over the swerving target.

He felt like raving in his anger at Hubbell, but he fought to hold his temper. If he ever let this egotistical, big-headed crew know that their needling was getting under his hide, they'd rub it in still more, and make life unbearable for him. So he tried to keep his voice from trembling with emotion, although he was getting madder every minute.

He reported to the navigator over the intercom: "Checking, altitude two thousand, air speed 280."

Wally McCree's voice carried over Spud Hubbell's and he was ribbing, too. "Altitude two thousand. Air speed 280. Plan X if we sight a Jap ship." Then his voice boomed with sarcasm. "For golly's sake, if we sight a Jap today, don't waste your eggs like you did yesterday, Foul Ball. Throw a strike for a change."

JOHNNY couldn't take it any more. His anger boiled out of his brain and his voice spilled over his mike. "Listen, you big-headed, jug-brains, do you think you're supermen just because you made a good team? Who do you think you are? Gentile, Bong, Johnson,

all rolled into one? Didn't any of you guys start at the bottom? Didn't you have to learn?"

Max Pollock laughed so loud the intercom rattled. "Keep your pants on, Foul Ball! Some guys can learn, and some guys can't. I think you're a guy that can't, and we won't sink another Jap until Jackpot gets out from under the jungle fever."

"You ring-tailed what-not! You—you—you duck-billed platy-puse!" In his ire he forgot he was raving at his superior. "You sight a Jap, and make your run. I'll lay an egg right in her smokestack. You big-headed mutt! You fly this crate! I'll do the bombing."

Spud Hubbell crackled with mirth. "Smoke-stack? You couldn't lay an egg in a skillet, let alone dropping one on a Jap."

* * *

SUDDENLY Max Pollock's voice erupted with excitement. "Jap tanker dead ahead! Do your stuff, Foul Ball. Plan X for attack!"

Johnny gripped his lever and froze his eyes to the bombsight for a preliminary squint. Calculations and figures buzzed through his head. He was wondering why he felt no frenzy. He was as cold as ice. He was ready to rain death on the squat, stubby Jap tanker plowing along the pitching sea.

"Air speed, two eighty!" Wally McCree's voice was yelling into the intercom. "Altitude two thousand. Check."

Johnny yelled back: "Altitude two thousand, air speed 280. Get ready to eat crow, boys! I'm going to bracket that Jap with scrambled eggs!"

Max Pollock roared: "We're going down, boys! Do your stuff, Foul Ball, and don't kill any more fish."

Johnny was boiling mad, but his hand was as steady as a rock on the levers. This time he had selective ready. He'd straddle the Jap tanker with two and five.

He clenched his teeth as the bomber went in to its long, whistling, streaking dive. He could see the squat Jap in the Norden and he could see the yellow spit of machine-gun fire and the puff of ack-ack blossoming around them. The bomber rocked with the concussion.

He saw the Jap swerve right. His heart was pounding in his breast. His hands were cold as ice as he peered down into the bombsight. He had everything figured to the last decimal. He prayed he wouldn't miss.

His thumb squeezed the solenoid and he grinned as twin gray bombs with square fins went tumbling away below him. His ship pulled up from its dive and rolled on over the Jap, with a hail of fire bursting around its straining wings.

Pollock banked sharply and came back for his second run over the Jap tanker.

* * *

BUT it wasn't necessary.

For Foul Ball Johnny Park had laid two bombs right on the deck of the sprawling tanker. There was a tearing blast that reached into the sky and bounced the bomber with its concussion.

A spurt of yellow flame squirted upward from the Jap ship. Then a black cloud billowed around the flames. Mushroomed until the tanker was embalmed in fire. Scurrying figures spilled off its tilting deck into the sea.

The tanker blew up. Debris and yellow flames puffed out over the turbulent sea. The bow tilted and the Jap settled below the water. Stood on its ear. Disappeared from view. Blazing oil surfaced the water.

Now that it was done, Johnny was shaking with excitement. He couldn't wait to switch his intercom and rub it in on his big-headed mates.

But the crew beat him to it. And his face was red. Spud Hubbell was raving over the intercom like he'd lost his mind. "Atta boy, Foul Ball! Have we got a bombardier or have we got a bombardier? Jackpot Marmar never dropped a pair of eggs like that in his life. Boy, oh Boy!"

Wally McCree was babbling: "We're still the crack outfit on this stretch of ocean. Nice going, Foul Ball! You threw a strike that time. Right down the middle!"

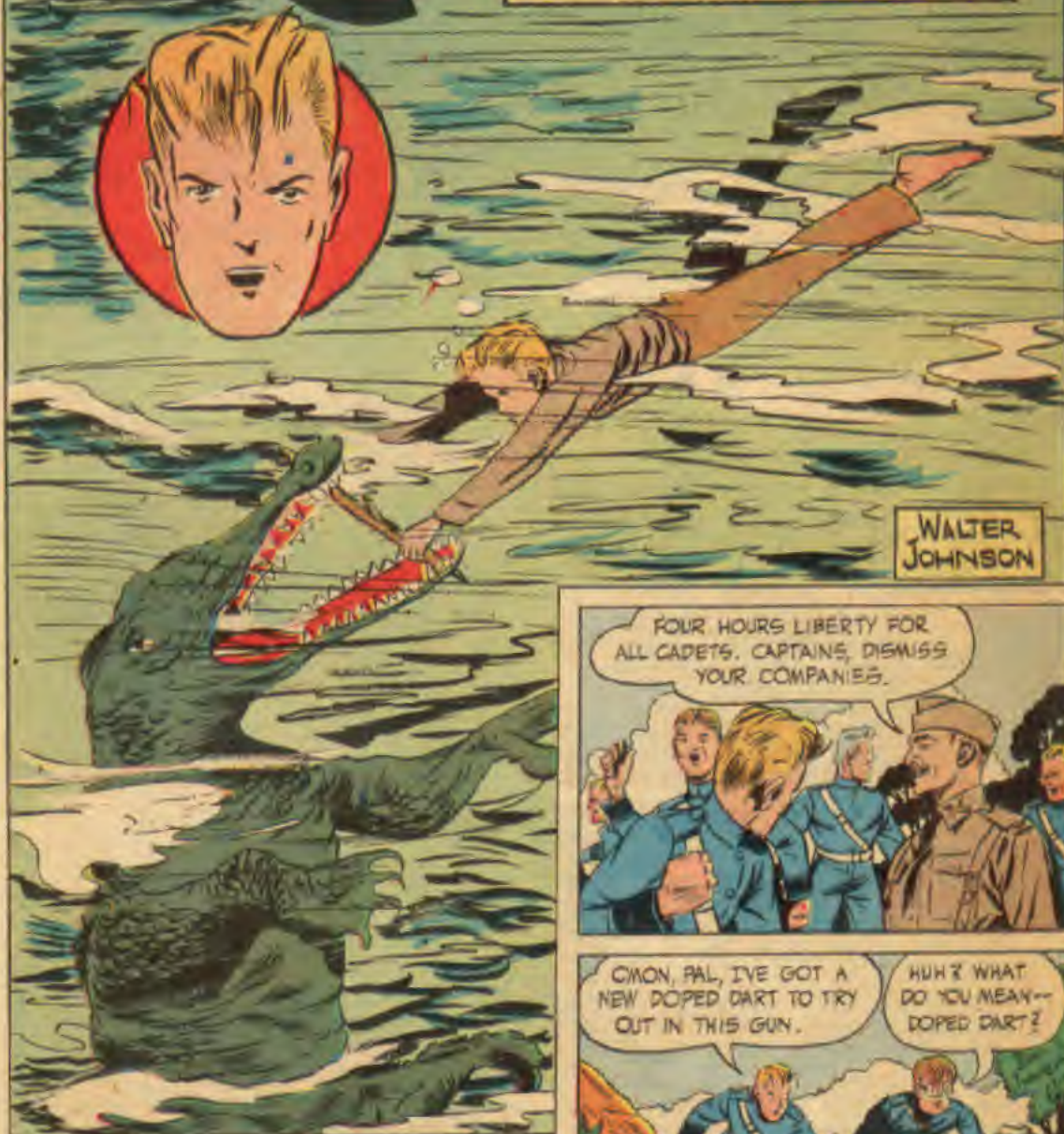
Max Pollock brake in. His voice wasn't sarcastic any more. He was deadly serious. "Congratulations, Park! I hope you didn't get too mad at us for ribbing you. We did it on purpose. We thought if you got mad enough you wouldn't be nervous like you were yesterday."

Johnny's voice caught in his throat. These guys thought he was wonderful. They were accepting him as a member of their team. He had been mad before, but he wasn't now. What if they did call him Foul Ball? A pitch had to be a strike before it could be a foul ball. And he'd sure put one over the plate on that Jap tanker.

THE END

The CADET

FEATURING KIT CARTER



WALTER
JOHNSON

ARMY INTELLIGENCE "BORROWS" KIT CARTER AND DAN MERRY FROM DAUNTON TO AID PROF. BURKE, EX-INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, ON A SECRET MISSION IN PANAMA...



FOUR HOURS LIBERTY FOR ALL CADETS. CAPTAINS, DISMISS YOUR COMPANIES.



OWEN, PAL, I'VE GOT A NEW DOPED DART TO TRY OUT IN THIS GUN.

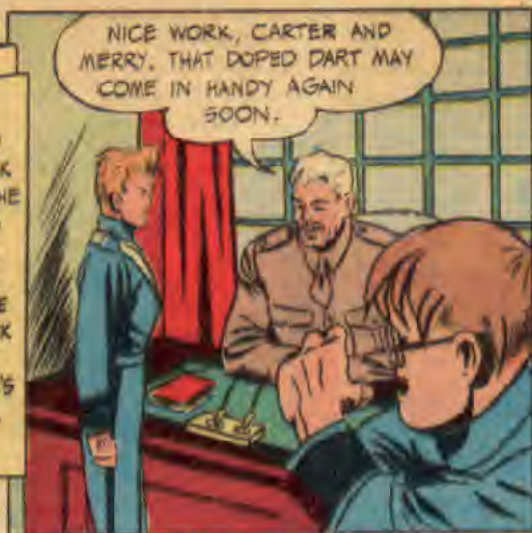
HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN-- DOPED DART?

COLLECT YOUR PAPER, FAT AND TIN
AND DO YOUR JOB SO WE WILL WIN.



DUE TO KIT'S QUICK ACTION THE SPY WAS CAUGHT, AND THE BOYS ARE NOW BACK IN THE COLONEL'S OFFICE.

NICE WORK, CARTER AND MERRY. THAT DOPED DART MAY COME IN HANDY AGAIN SOON.



PROF. BURKE, AN EX-ARMY INTELLIGENCE OFFICER, HAS BEEN ORDERED ON AN EXTREMELY SECRET MISSION, AND HE WANTS YOU TWO CAPETS AS ASSISTANTS.

GEE, SIR--
ER-- I MEAN--

HE MEANS
WHAT AN
OPPOR-
TUNITY,
SIR!



TWO WEEKS LATER, WE FIND THE BOYS IN A PANAMA JUNGLE CAMP WITH PROFESSOR BURKE.

WE'VE GOTTEN WIND OF A JAP PLAN TO BLOW UP THE PANAMA CANAL. OUR JOB IS TO SCOUT THIS JUNGLE UNTIL WE FIND OUT IF IT'S FACT OR FICTION.



BUT FIRST WE'LL SCARE UP SOME GAME FOR FOOD. OUR GUNS HAVE SILENCERS.



HOW'S ABOUT
POTTING A
PEGGARY?

SH-- SH!
CLEARING
AHEAD.



FUNNY PLACE FOR
INDIANS TO BE
FARMING.

LOOK AGAIN.
THEY'RE JAPS!





AFTER THE PLANES WERE HIDDEN IN THE WOODS, AND A FEW SENTRIES LEFT TO GUARD THE FIELD --

WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE THAT RADIO AND WARN CANAL ZONE ARMY HEADQUARTERS!

LOOK, THEY'VE LEFT IT RIGHT SWACK ON THE FIELD! C'MON, DAN!



'MERICAN SPY? I SHOOT--VERY DEAD -- NOT TALK.

SHOOTING TOO MUCH NOISE. WE HAVE BIG HUNGRY ALLIGATORS IN POOL.

ITCHI, YOU CATCH BIG IDEA. MORNING COME-- SMART 'MERICANS FIGHT ALLIGATORS. NIPPON BOYS SEE BIG SHOW.

SAVE THE DAWN --

FAT SPY, JUMP!





QUESTION No. 18. Which has the longer snout—a crocodile or an alligator?



WAS I SCARED! YEA-BO! I MADE A SHALLOW DIVE AND SWOOPED RIGHT BACK UNDER THIS BANK.

BOYOHBOY, ARE WE LUCKY I GAVE MY GATOR LOCKJAW WITH A SHARPENED STICK! BETCHA THE PROF HAS KISSED US GOOD BY!



SORRY, PROFESSOR, WE HAD TO BATTLE ALLIGATORS TO AMUSE THOSE NIPS.

GREAT SCOTT, I WAS SURE YOU WERE GONERS!



-- SO YOU SEE THE SITUATION IS DESPERATE. THOSE YELLOW DEVILS ARE ALL SET TO BLOW UP THE CANAL. WE MUST GET THAT RADIO. HERE IS MY PLAN. TONIGHT--



FUJI, BRING RADIO. I SEND MESSAGE.



WHAT NIGHT--





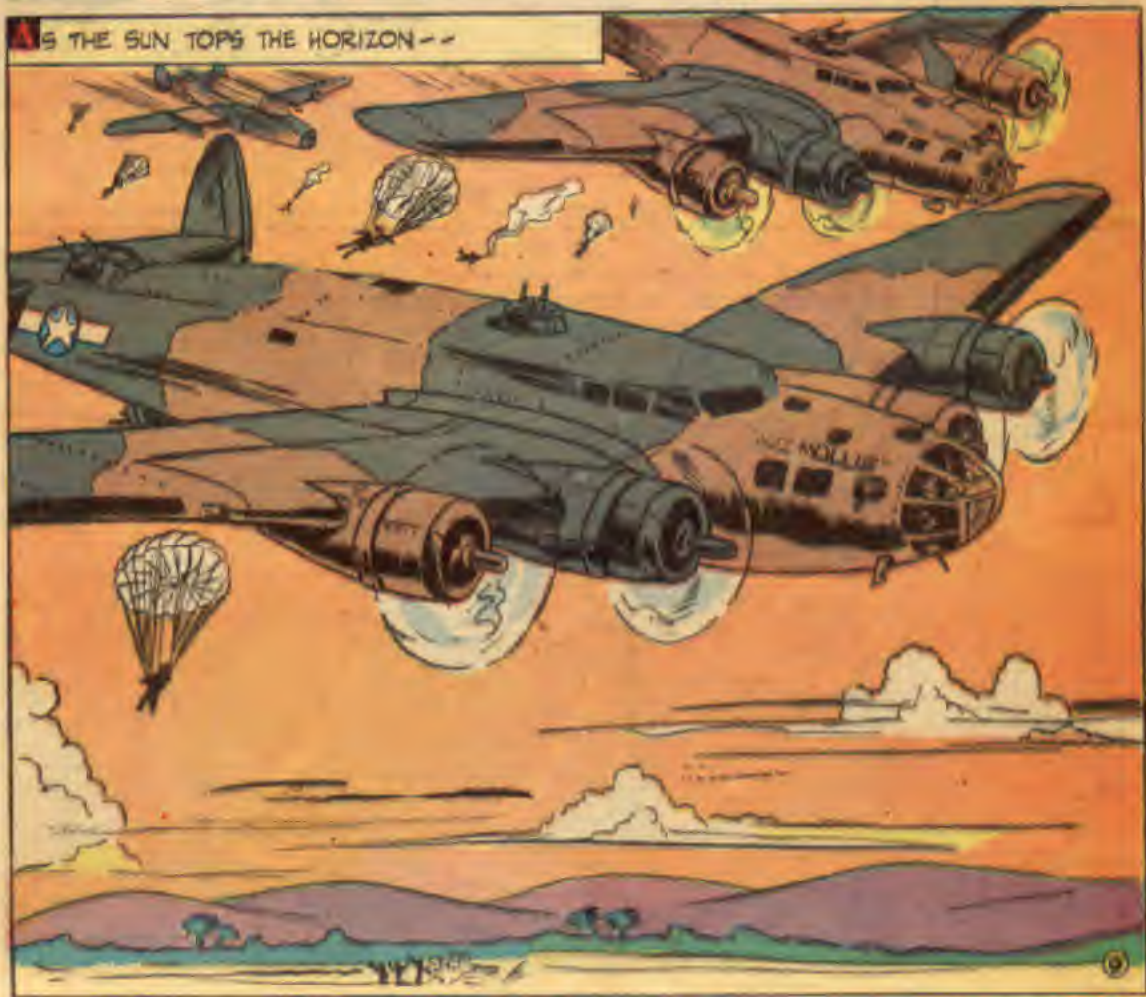
WELL, THAT
FINISHES UP THE
LAST OF
THEM.



WE'LL STAND GUARD
UNTIL OUR TROOPS ARRIVE.
IF ANY OF THE SLEEPING
BEAUTIES MOVES, GIVE
HIM ANOTHER DART.



AS THE SUN TOPS THE HORIZON --



No, for it has a twin tail. The Flying Fortress has a single, vertical tail fin. REWIND
No. 29



AFTER A FULL DAY OF
CELEBRATION AT ARMY
HEADQUARTERS WE FIND
OUR THREE NATIONAL
HEROES IN AN ARMY
PLANE ARRIVING AT
DAUNTON MILITARY
ACADEMY.



KEEP ON DOING YOUR HOME FRONT CHORE
AND BRING OUR MEN FROM THAT FOREIGN SHORE.

LEARN TO DEFEND YOURSELF

IT'S EASY WHEN YOU KNOW JUDO AND BOXING!
NOW! YOU CAN MASTER BOTH QUICKLY



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